1507/603.

ROMEO

AND

JULIET.

By SHAKESPEAR.

With ALTERATIONS, and an additional SCENE;

By D. GARRICK.

As it is Performed at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*.

LONDON:
Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the Strand.

MDCCLXVI.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
62
JUL

Advertiſement.

THE chief Deſign of the Alterations in the following play, was to clear the Original as much as poſſible from the Jingle and Quibble which were always the Objections to the reviving it.

The ſudden Change of *Romeo*'s Love from *Roſaline* to *Juliet*, was thought by many, at the firſt Revival of the Play, to be a blemiſh in his Character; an Alteration in that particular has been made more in Compliance to that Opinion, than from a Conviction that *Shakeſpear*, the beſt Judge of human Nature, was faulty.

Bandello, the *Italian* Noveliſt, from whom *Shakeſpear* has borrow'd the Subject of this Play, has made *Juliet* to wake in the Tomb before *Romeo* dies: This Circumſtance *Shakeſpear* has omitted, not, perhaps, from Judgment, but from reading the Story in the *French* or *Engliſh* Tranſlation, both which have injudiciouſly left out this Addition to the Cataſtrophe.

Otway in his *Caius Marius*, a Tragedy taken from *Romeo* and *Juliet*, has made uſe of this affecting Circumſtance, but it is matter of wonder that ſo great a dramatic Genius did not work up a Scene from it of more Nature, Terror and Diſtreſs.—— Such a Scene was attempted at the Revival of this Play, and it is hop'd, that an endeavour to ſupply the failure of ſo great a Maſter will not be deem'd arrogant, or the making uſe of two or three of his introductory Lines, be accounted a Plagiariſm.

The Perſons who from their great Good-nature and Love of Juſtice have endeavour'd to take away from the preſent Editor the little Merit of this Scene by aſcribing it to *Otway*, *have unwittingly*, from the Nature of the Accuſation, paid him a Compliment which he believes they never intended him.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

ROMEO,	Mr. *Garrick.*
Eſcalus,	Mr. *Bransby.*
Paris,	Mr. *Scraſe.*
Mountague,	Mr. *Burton.*
Capulet,	Mr. *Berry.*
Mercutio,	Mr. *Woodward.*
Benvolio,	Mr. *Mozeen.*
Tibalt,	Mr *Blakes.*
Old Capulet,	Mr. *Johnſon.*
Friar Lawrence,	Mr. *Havard.*
Friar John,	Mr. *Jefferſon.*
Balthaſar,	Mr. *Ackman.*
Gregory,	Mr. *W. Vaughan.*
Sampſon,	Mr. *Clough.*
Abram,	Mr. *Marr.*
JULIET,	Mrs. *Cibber.*
Lady Capulet,	Mrs. *Bennet.*
Nurſe,	Mrs. *Mucklin.*

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 JUL 62

Citizens of Verona, *ſeveral Men and Women relations to* Capulet, *Maſkers, Guards, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE, *in the beginning of the fifth Act, is in* Mantua; *during all the reſt of the Play, in and near* Verona.

ROMEO and *JULIET.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Street in Verona.

Enter Sampſon *and* Gregory.

SAMPSON.

GREGORY, I ſtrike quickly, being mov'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to ſtrike.

Sam. A dog of the houſe of *Mountague* moves me.

Greg. Draw thy tool then, for here come of that houſe.

Enter Abram *and* Balthaſar.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; Quarrel, I will back thee, but —— Let us take the law of our ſides: let them begin.

Greg. I will frown as I paſs by, and let them take it as they liſt.

Sam. Nay as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them. which is a diſgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abra. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir.

Sam. I do bite my thumb, Sir.

Abra. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir.

Sam. Is the law on our ſide, if I ſay ay?

Greg. No.

Sam. No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir; but I bite my thumb, Sir.

Greg. Do you quarrel, Sir?

Abr. Quarrel, Sir? no, Sir.

Sam. If you do, Sir, I am for you: I ſerve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better, Sir.

Sam. Well, Sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Greg. Say better: here comes one of my maſter's kinſmen.

Sam. Yes, better, Sir.

Abr. You lye.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. *Gregory*, remember thy ſwaſhing blow. [*They fight.*

Ben. Part, fools, put up your ſwords, you know not what you do.

Enter Tibalt.

Tib. What art thou drawn amongſt theſe heartleſs hinds?
Turn thee, *Benvolio*, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy ſword,
Or manage it to part theſe men with me.

Tib. What drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word
As I hate hell, all *Mountagues* and thee:
Have at thee, coward.

Enter three or four citizens with clubs.

Offi. Clubs, bills, and partiſans! ſtrike, beat them down.
Down with the *Capulets*, down with the *Mountagues*.

Enter old Capulet *in his Gown.*

Cap. What noiſe is this? give me my ſword,
My ſword, I ſay; old *Mountague* is come,
And flouriſhes his blade in ſpite of me.

Enter old Mountague.

Moun. Thou villain, *Capulet*—Hold me not, let me go.

Enter Prince with Attendants.

Prin Rebellious ſubjects, enemies to peace,
Prophaners of your neighbour-ſtained ſteel——

Will

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 62 JUL

Will they not hear? what ho! you men! you beaſts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage,
With purple fountains iſſuing from your veins;
On pain of torture, from thoſe bloody hands
Throw your miſ-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the ſentence of your moved prince.
Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old *Capulet*, and *Mountague*,
Have thrice, diſturb'd the quiet of our ſtreets:
And made *Verona*'s ancient citizens
Caſt by their grave beſeeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans in hands as old.
If ever you affright our ſtreets again,
Your lives ſhall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the reſt depart away.
You, *Capulet*, ſhall go along with me;
And *Mountague*, come you this afternoon
To know our further pleaſure in this caſe.
Once more on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince and* Capulet, *&c.*

SCENE II.

Manent Mountague *and* Benvolio.

Moun. WHO ſet this ancient quarrel now abroach?
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the ſervants of your adverſary,
And yours, cloſe fighting, ere I did approach;
I drew to part them: in the inſtant came
The fiery *Tibalt*, with his ſword prepar'd,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He ſwung about his head, and cut the winds:
While we were interchanging thruſts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
'Till the prince came.

Moun O where is *Romeo?* Saw you him to-day?
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

Ben. My lord an hour before the worſhip'd ſun
Peer'd through the golden window of the eaſt,
A troubled mind drew me to walk abroad:
Where underneath the grove of ſycamoor,
That weſtward rooteth from the city ſide,
So early walking did I ſee your ſon,
Tow'rds him I made, but he was 'ware of me,
And ſtole into the covert of a wood.
I, meaſuring his affections by my own,
(That moſt are buſied when they're moſt alone,)
Purſu'd my humour, not purſuing him,
And glady ſhun'd, who gladly fled from me.

Moun. Many a morning hath he there been ſeen
With tears augmenting the freſh morning dew;
But all ſo ſoon as the all-chearing ſun
Should, in the fartheſt eaſt, begin to draw
The ſhady curtains from *Aurora*'s bed;
Away from light ſteals home my heavy ſon,
And private in his chamber pens himſelf;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himſelf an artificial night.
Black and portentous muſt this humour prove,
Unleſs good counſel may the cauſe remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cauſe?

Moun. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Moun. Both by myſelf and many other friends;
But he, his own affections' counſellor,
Is to himſelf, I will not ſay, how true:
But to himſelf ſo ſecret and ſo cloſe,
So far from ſounding and diſcovery,
As is the bud, bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can ſpread his ſweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the ſun.

Ben. So pleaſe you, Sir, *Mercutio* and myſelf
Are moſt near to him; be it that our years,
Statures, births, fortunes, ſtudies, inclinations,
Meaſure the rule of his, I know not; but
Friendſhip ſtill loves to ſort him with his like.
We will attempt upon his privacy,

And

And could we learn from whence his ſorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as knowledge.
Moun. 'Twill bind us to you: good *Benvolio*, go.
Ben. We'll know his grievance, or be hard denied.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE III.

Before Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Capulet, Paris, *and a Servant.*

Cap. AND *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard
For men ſo old as we to keep the peace.
Par. Of honourable reck'ning are you both,
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds ſo long:
But now, my lord, what ſay you to my ſuit?
Cap. But ſaying o'er what I have ſaid before,
My child is yet a ſtranger in the world,
She hath not ſeen the change of eighteen years;
Let two more ſummers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a wife.
Par. Younger than ſhe are happy mothers made.
Cap. And too ſoon marr'd are thoſe ſo early made:
The earth hath ſwallow'd all my hopes but her.
But woo her, gentle *Paris*, get her heart;
If ſhe agree, within her ſcope of choice
Lies my conſent, ſo woo her, gentle *Paris.*
This night I hold an old accuſtom'd feaſt,
Whereto I have invited many a friend,
Such as I love, and you among the reſt;
Once more moſt welcome!
Come go with me. Go, ſirrah, trudge about
[*To a Servant.*
Through fair *Verona*; find thoſe perſons out,
Whoſe names are written there, and to them ſay,
My houſe and welcome on their pleaſures ſtay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

A *Wood near* Verona.

Enter Benvolio *and* Mercutio.

Mer. SEE where he ſteals—Told I you not, *Benvolio*,
That we ſhould find this melancholy *Cupid*
Lock'd in ſome gloomy covert, under key
Of cautionary ſilence; with his arms
Threaded, like theſe croſs boughs, in ſorrow's knot.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Good-morrow, Couſin.
Rom. Is the day ſo young?
Ben. But new ſtruck nine.
Rom. Ah me! ſad hours ſeem long.
Mer. Pr'ythee, what ſadneſs lengthens *Romeo*'s hours?
Rom. Not having that, which having makes them ſhort.
Ben. In love, me ſeems!
Alas, that love ſo gentle to the view,
Should be ſo tyrannous and rough in proof!
Rom. Where ſhall we dine?—O me—Couſin *Benvolio*,
What was the fray this morning with the *Capulets?*
Yet, tell me no', for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:
Love, heavy lightneſs! ſerious vanity!
Miſ-ſhapen chaos of well-ſeeming forms!
This love feel I; but ſuch my froward fate,
That there I love where moſt I ought to hate.
Doſt thou not laugh, my friend?—Oh *Juliet*, *Juliet!*
Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.
Rom. Good heart, at what?—
Ben. At thy good heart's oppreſſion.
Mer. Tell me in ſadneſs, who ſhe is you love?
Rom. In ſadneſs then, I love a woman.
Mer. I aim'd ſo near, when I ſuppos'd you lov'd.
Rom. A right good markſman! and ſhe's fair I love:
But knows not of my love, 'twas through my eyes

The

The ſhaft empierc'd my heart, chance gave the wound,
Which time can never heal: no ſtar befriends me,
To each ſad night ſucceeds a diſmal morrow.
And ſtill 'tis hopeleſs love, and endleſs ſorrow.
Mer. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.
Rom. O teach me how I ſhould forget to think.
Mer. By giving liberty unto thine eyes:
Take thou ſome new infection to thy heart,
And the rank poiſon of the old will die.
Examine other beauties.
Rom. He that is ſtrucken blind cannot forget
The precious treaſure of his eye-ſight loſt.
Shew me a miſtreſs that is paſſing fair;
What doth her beauty ſerve but as a note,
Remembring me, who paſt that paſſing fair;
Farewel, thou can'ſt not teach me to forget.
Mer. I warrant thee. If thou'lt but ſtay to hear,
To-night there is an ancient ſplendid feaſt
Kept by old *Capulet*, our enemy,
Where all the beauties of *Verona* meet.
Rom. At *Capulet*'s!
Mer. At *Capulet*'s, my friend;
Go there, and with an unattainted eye,
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhow,
And I will make thee think thy ſwan a crow!
Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains ſuch falſhoods, then turn tears to fires;
And burn the hereticks. All-ſeeing Phœbus
Ne'er ſaw her match, ſince firſt his courſe began.
Mer. Tut, tut, you ſaw her fair, none elſe being by,
Herſelf poiſ'd with herſelf; but let be weigh'd
Your lady-love againſt ſome other fair,
And ſhe will ſhew ſcant well.
Rom I will along, *Mercutio*.
Mer. 'Tis well. Look to behold at this high feaſt,
Earth treading ſtars, that make dim heaven's lights,
Hear all, all ſee, try all; and like her moſt,
That moſt ſhall merit thee.
Rom. My mind is chang'd——
I will not go to-night.

Mer.

Mer. Why, may one aſk?
Rom. I dream'd a dream laſt night.
Mer. Ha! ha! a dream?
O then I ſee queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fancy's mid-wife, and ſhe comes
In ſhape no bigger than an agat-ſtone
On the fore-finger of an Alderman,
Drawn with the team of little atomies,
Athwart mens noſes as they lie aſleep:
Her waggon-ſpokes made of long ſpinners legs;
The cover, of the wings of graſhoppers;
The traces, of the ſmalleſt ſpider's web;
The collars, of the moon-ſhine's watry beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the laſh, of film:
Her waggoner a ſmall grey-coated gnat,
Not half ſo big as a round little worm,
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
Made by the joiner ſquirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies coach-makers:
And in this ſtate ſhe gallops night by night,
Through lovers brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtiers knees, that dream on curt'ſies ſtraight:
O'er lawyers fingers, who ſtraight dream on fees;
O'er ladies lips, who ſtraight on kiſſes dream;
Sometimes ſhe gallops o'er a lawyer's noſe,
And then dreams he of ſmelling out a ſuit:
And ſometimes comes ſhe with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling the parſon as he lies aſleep;
Then dreams he of another benefice;
Sometimes ſhe driveth o'er a ſoldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuſcadoes, *Spaniſh* blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ears, at which he ſtarts and wakes,
And being thus frighted, ſwears a prayer or two,
And ſleeps again. This is that *Mab*———
Rom. Peace, peace,
Thou talk'ſt of nothing.
Mer. True, I talk of dreams;

Which

Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing, but vain phantaſy,
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the air,
And more unconſtant than the wind.

Ben. This wind you talk of, blows us from ourſelves,
And we ſhall come too late.

Rom. I fear too early: for my mind miſgives
Some conſequence, yet hanging in the ſtars,
From this night's revels——lead, gallant friends;
Let come what may, once more I will behold
My *Juliet*'s eyes, drink deeper of affliction:
I'll watch the time; and maſk'd from obſervation,
Make known my ſufferings, but conceal my name:
Tho' hate and diſcord 'twixt our ſires increaſe,
Let in our hearts dwell love and endleſs peace.

[*Exeunt* Mer. *and* Ben.

SCENE V.

Capulet's *Houſe*.

Enter Lady Capulet, *and Nurſe*.

La. Cap. NURSE, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurſe. Now (by my maiden-head, at twelve year old) I bade her come; what lamb, what lady-bird, God forbid——where's this girl? what *Juliet?*

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurſe. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here, what is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter—— Nurſe, give leave a while, we muſt talk in ſecret; Nurſe, come back again, I have remember'd me, thou ſhalt hear my counſel: thou know'ſt my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurſe. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not eighteen.

Nurſe.

Nurſe. I'll lay eighteen of my teeth, and yet to my teeth be it ſpoken, I have but eight, ſhe's not eighteen; how long is it now to *Lammas* tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurſe. Even or odd, of all days in the year come *Lammas* eve at night ſhall ſhe be eighteen. *Suſan* and ſhe (God reſt all chriſtian ſouls) were of an age. Well *Suſan* is with God; ſhe was too good for me. But as I ſaid, on *Lammas*-eve at night ſhall ſhe be eighteen, that ſhall ſhe, marry, I remember it well. 'Tis ſince the earthquake now fifteen Years, and ſhe was wean'd; I never ſhall forget it, of all the days in the year upon that day: for I had then laid wormwood to my breſt, ſitting in the ſun under the dove-houſe-wall; my lord and you were then at *Mantua* — nay, I do bear a brain. But as I ſaid, when it did taſte the wormwood on the nipple of the breaſt, and felt it bitter, pretty fool, to ſee it teachy and fall out with the breaſt. Shake, quoth the dove-houſe ——'twas no need I trow, to bid me trudge; and ſince that time it is fifteen years, for then ſhe could ſtand alone, nay, by th' rood, ſhe could have run, and wadled all about; for even the day before ſhe broke her brow; and then my huſband (God be with his ſoul, a' was a merry man,) took up the child: yea, quoth he, doſt thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou haſt more wit? wilt thou not, *Julé?* and by my holy dam, the pretty wretch left crying, and ſaid, ay; To ſee now how a jeſt ſhall come about I warrant, and I ſhould live a thouſand Years, I ſhould not forget it: Wilt thou not, *Julé*, quoth he? and pretty fool, it ſtinted, and ſaid ay.

Jul. And ſtint thee too, I pray thee, peace.

Nurſe Peace, I have done; God mark thee to his grace.
Thou waſt the prettieſt babe that ere I nurſt:
An' I might live to ſee thee married once,
I have my wiſh.

La. Cap. And that ſame marriage is the very theme
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter *Juliet*,
How ſtands your diſpoſition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurſe. An honour? were not I thine only nurſe,

I'd

I'd ſay thou hadſt ſuck'd wiſdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you
Here in *Verona*, ladies of eſteem,
Are made already mothers. By my 'count,
I was your mother much upon theſe years
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief,
The valiant *Paris* ſeeks you for his love.

Nurſe. A man, young lady, lady, ſuch a man
As all the world —— Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. *Verona*'s ſummer hath not ſuch a flower.

Nurſe. Nay, he's a flower, in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of *Paris*' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move;
But no more deep will I indart my eye,
Than your conſent gives ſtrength to make it fly.

Enter Gregory.

Greg. Madam, new gueſts are come, and brave ones, all in maſks. You are call'd; my young lady aſk'd for, the Nurſe curs'd in the pantry; ſupper almoſt ready to be ſerv'd up, and every thing in extremity. I muſt hence and wait.

La. Cap. We follow thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Hall in Capulet's *Houſe.*

The Capulets, *Ladies, Gueſts, and Maſkers, are diſcover'd.*

Cap. WElcome, Gentlemen. Ladies, that have your feet
Unplagu'd with corns, we'll have a bout with you.
Who'll now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
I'll ſwear hath corns. Am I come near you now?
Welcome all, Gentlemen; I've ſeen the day
That I have worn a viſor, and could tell

A whiſpering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would pleaſe; 'tis gone; 'tis gone; 'tis gone!
[*Muſick plays, and they dance.*
More light, ye knaves, and turn the tables up;
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot,
Ah, ſirrah, this unlook'd-for ſport comes well.
Nay ſit, nay ſit, good Couſin *Capulet*,
For you and I are paſt our dancing days:
How long is't now ſince laſt yourſelf and I
Were in a maſk?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

Cap. What, man! 'tis not ſo much, 'tis not ſo much!
'Tis ſince the nuptial of *Lucentio*,
Come Pentecoſt as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years and then we maſk'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more; his ſon is elder, Sir:
His ſon is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me that?
His ſon was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. Couſin *Benvolio*, do you mark that lady which
Doth enrich the hand of yonder gentleman.

Ben. I do.

Rom. Oh, ſhe doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich Jewel in an *Æthiops*' ear;
The meaſure done, I'll watch her to her place,
And touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Be ſtill, be ſtill, my fluttering heart.

Tib. This, by his voice, ſhould be a *Mountague*,
Fetch me my rapier, boy; what, dares the ſlave
Come hither cover'd with an antick face,
To ſleer and ſcorn at our ſolemnity?
Now by the ſtock and honour of my race,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it not a ſin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinſman, wherefore ſtorm you thus?

Tib. Uncle, this is a *Mountague*, our foe;
A villain that is hither come in ſpite,
To ſcorn and flout at our ſolemnity.

Cap. Young *Romeo*, is't?

Tib. That villain *Romeo*.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a courtly gentleman:
And, to ſay truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my houſe do him diſparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him.
Tib. It fits, when ſuch a villain is a gueſt.
I'll not endure him.
Cap. He ſhall be endur'd.
Be quiet, Couſin, or I'll make you quiet———
Tib. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their difference.
I will withdraw; but this intruſion ſhall,
Now ſeeming ſweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Dance here.*
Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand [*To* Jul.
This holy ſhrine, the gentle fine is this. [*Kiſs.*
Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
For palm to palm is holy palmer's kiſs.
Rom. Have not ſaints lips, and holy palmers too?
Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they muſt uſe in prayer.
Rom. Thus then, dear ſaint, let lips put up their prayers. [*Kiſs.*
Nurſe. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Ben. What is her mother? [*To her nurſe.*
Nurſe. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the houſe,
And a good lady, and a wiſe and virtuous,
I nurs'd her daughter that you talk'd withal;
I tell you, he that can lay hold on her
Shall have the chink.
Ben. Is ſhe a *Capulet?*
Romeo, let's be gone, the ſport is over.
Rom. Ay, ſo I fear, the more is my miſhap. [*Exeunt.*
Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling fooliſh banquet towards.
Is it e'en ſo! why then, I thank you all.
I thank you, honeſt gentlemen, good night:
More torches here—come on, then let's to ſupper. [*Exe.*
Jul. Come hither, nurſe. What is yon gentleman?

Nurſe.

Nurſe. The ſon and heir of old *Tiberio.*
Jul. What's he that is now a going out of door?
Nurſe. That, as I think, is young *Mercutio.*
Jul. What's he that follows here, that would not dance?
Nurſe. I know not.
Jul. Go aſk his name. If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding-bed.
Nurſe. His name is *Romeo,* and a *Mountague,*
The only ſon of your great enemy.
Jul. My only love ſprung from my only hate!
Too early ſeen, unknown; and known too late.
Nurſe. What's this? what's this!
Jul. A rhime I learn'd e'en now
Of one I talk'd withal. [*One calls within,* Juliet.
Nurſe. Anon, anon ——
Come, let's away, the ſtrangers are all gone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Romeo *alone.*

ROMEO.

CAN I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out. [*Exit.*

Enter Benvolio *with* Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo, my couſin *Romeo.*
Mer. He is wiſe,
And on my life hath ſtol'n him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard Wall,
Call, good *Mercutio.*
Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.
Why, *Romeo!* humours! madman! paſſion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeneſs of a ſigh.

Speak

Speak but one rhime and I am ſatisfy'd.
Cry but *Ah me!* couple but *love* and *dove*,
Speak to my goſſip *Venus* one fair word,
One nick-name to her pur-blind ſon and heir;
I conjure thee by thy miſtreſs's bright eyes,
By her high-forehead, and her ſcarlet lip.
By her fine foot, ſtraight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demeaſns that there adjacent lye,
That in thy likeneſs thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'Twould anger him
To raiſe a ſpirit in his miſtreſs' circle
'Till ſhe had laid it. My invocation is
Honeſt and fair, and in his miſtreſs' name,
I conjure only but to raiſe him up.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himſelf among theſe trees,
To be conſorted with the hum'rous night.

Mer. *Romeo*, good night, I'll to my truckle bed,
This field-bed is too cold for me to ſleep:
Come, ſhall we go?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vain
To ſeek him here that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A GARDEN.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. HE jeſts at ſcars that never felt a wound—
But ſoft, what light thro' yonder window breaks?
It is the eaſt, and *Juliet* is the ſun!
[Juliet *appears above at a window.*
Ariſe, fair ſun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already ſick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than ſhe.
She ſpeaks, yet ſhe ſays nothing; what of that?

Her

Her eye diſcourſes, I will anſwer it;
I am too bold—Oh were thoſe eyes in Heav'n,
They'd through the airy region ſtream ſo bright,
That birds would ſing and think it were the morn:
See how ſhe leans her cheek upon her hand!
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She ſpeaks, ſhe ſpeaks!
Oh ſpeak again bright angel, for thou art
As glorious to this ſight, being o'er my head,
As is a winged meſſenger from heav'n,
To the upturn'd wond'ring eyes of mortals
When he beſtrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And ſails upon the boſom of the air.

Jul. Romeo, Romeo——wherefore art thou *Romeo?*
Deny thy father, and refuſe thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but ſworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a *Capulet.*

Rom. Shall I hear more, or ſhall I ſpeak at this? [*Aſide.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
What's in a name? that which we call a roſe,
By any other name would ſmell as ſweet.
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title; *Romeo*, quit thy name,
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myſelf.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, I will forſwear my name,
And never more be *Romeo.*

Jul. What man art thou, that thus beſcreen'd in night
So ſtumbleſt on my counſel?

Rom. I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear ſaint, is hateful to myſelf,
Becauſe it is an enemy to thee.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the ſound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague?*

Rom. Neither, fair ſaint, if either thee diſpleaſe.

Jul. How cam'ſt thou hither, tell me, and for what?
The orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the place death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kinſmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch theſe walls,
For ſtony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinſmen are no ſtop to me.

Jul. If they do ſee thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their ſwords; look thou but ſweet,
And I am proof againſt their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they ſaw thee here.
By whoſe direction found'ſt thou out this place!

Rom. By love that firſt did promp me to enquire,
He lent me counſel, and I lent him eyes;
I am no pilot, yet wert thou as far
As that vaſt ſhore, waſh'd with the fartheſt ſea,
I would adventure for ſuch merchandiſe.

Jul. Thou know'ſt the maſk of night is on my face,
Elſe would a maiden bluſh bepaint my cheek
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have ſpoke —— but farewel compliment:
Doſt thou love me? I know thou wilt ſay, ay,
And I will take thy word — yet if thou ſwear'ſt,
Thou may'ſt prove falſe; at lovers perjuries
They ſay *Jove* laughs. Oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverſe, and ſay thee nay,
So thou wilt woo: but elſe not for the world.
In truth, fair *Mountague*, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'ſt think my 'haviour light:
But truſt me, gentleman, I'll prove more true,
Than thoſe that have more cunning to be ſtrange.
I ſhould have been more ſtrange, I muſt confeſs,
But that thou over-heard'ſt, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's paſſion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,

Which

Which the dark night hath ſo diſcovered.
Rom. Lady, by yonder bleſſed moon I vow—
Jul. O ſwear not by the moon, th' inconſtant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb;
Leſt that thy love prove likewiſe variable.
Rom. What ſhall I ſwear by?
Jul. Do not ſwear at all;
Or if thou wilt, ſwear by thy gracious ſelf,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.
Rom. If my true heart's love——
Jul. Well, do not ſwear — although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to night;
It is too raſh, too unadvis'd, too ſudden,
Too like the lightning which doth ceaſe to be
Ere one can ſay, it lightens — ſweet, good night,
This bud of love by ſummers ripening breath
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet:
Good night, good night —— as ſweet repoſe and reſt
Come to thy heart, as that within my breaſt.
Rom. O wilt thou leave me ſo unſatisfied?
Jul. What ſatisfaction canſt thou have to-night?
Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didſt requeſt it,
And yet I would it were to give again.
Rom. Would'ſt thou withdraw it? for what purpoſe, Love?
Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
My bounty is as boundleſs as the ſea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear ſome noiſe within; dear love, adieu.
[*Nurſe calls within.*
Anon, good Nurſe —— Sweet *Mountague*, be true;
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*
Rom. O bleſſed, bleſſed night. I am afraid
Being in night, all this is but a dream!
Too flattering-ſweet to be ſubſtantial.

Re

Re-enter Juliet *above.*

Jul. Three words, dear *Romeo*, and good night indeed:
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpoſe, marriage, ſend me word to-morrow
By one that I'll procure to come to thee.
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.
[*Within:* Madam.
I come, anon —— but if thou mean'ſt not well,
I do beſeech thee —— [*Within:* Madam.] By and by I come —
To ceaſe thy ſuit, and leave me to my grief,
To-morrow will I ſend.
Rom. So thrive my ſoul.
Jul. A thouſand times good night. [*Exit.*
Rom. A thouſand times the worſe to want thy light.

Enter Juliet *again.*

Jul. Hiſt! *Romeo*, hiſt! O for a falk'ner's voice,
To lure this taſſel gentle back again ——
Bondage is hoarſe and may not ſpeak aloud, ——
Elſe would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her angry tongue more hoarſe than mine
With repetition of my *Romeo.*
Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name.
How ſilver-ſweet ſound lovers tongues by night,
Like ſofteſt muſick to attending ears!
Jul. Romeo!
Rom. My ſweet!
Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I ſend to thee?
Rom. By the hour of nine.
Jul. I will not fail, 'tis twenty years 'till then ——
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
Rom. Let me ſtand here till thou remember it.
Jul. I ſhall forget to have thee ſtill ſtand there,
Remembring how I love thy company.
Rom. And I'll ſtay here to have thee ſtill forget,

Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul. 'Tis almoſt morning. I would have thee gone,
And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from her hand,
And with a ſilk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy bird.
Jul. Sweet, ſo would I,
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cheriſhing.
Good night, good night. Parting is ſuch ſweet ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay good night 'till it be morrow. [*Exit.*
Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breaſt!
Would I were ſleep and peace, ſo ſweet to reſt!
Hence will I to my ghoſtly father's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A MONASTERY.

Enter Friar Lawrence *with a baſket.*

Fri. THE gray-ey'd morn ſmiles on the frowning night,
Check'ring the eaſtern clouds with ſtreaks of light,
Now ere the ſun advance his burning eye,
The day to chear, and night's dank dew to dry,
I muſt fill up this oſier cage of ours
With baleful weeds, and precious juiced flowers.
O mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
In plants, herbs, ſtones, and their true qualities.
For nought ſo vile, that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth ſome ſpecial good doth give:
Nor ought ſo good, but ſtrain'd from that fair uſe,
Revolts to vice, and ſtumbles on abuſe.
Virtue itſelf turns vice, being miſapplied,
And vice ſometimes by actions dignified.
Within the infant rind of this ſmall flower
Poiſon hath reſidence, and med'cine power:

Fo

For this being ſmelt, with that ſenſe chears each part:
Being taſted, ſlays all ſenſes with the heart.
Two ſuch oppoſed foes encamp them ſtill
In man, as well as herbs; Grace and rude Will:
And where the worſer is predominant,
Full ſoon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good-morrow, father.

Fri. Benedicite.

What early tongue ſo ſweet ſaluteth me?
Young ſon, it argues a diſtemper'd head,
So ſoon to bid good-morrow to thy pillow:
Care keeps his watch on every old man's eye,
And where care lodgeth, ſleep will never bide;
But where with unſtuft brain unbruiſed youth
Doth couch his limbs, there golden ſleep reſides,
Therefore thy earlineſs aſſureth me
Thou art up-rouz'd by ſome diſtemp'rature:
What is the matter, ſon?

Rom. I tell thee ere thou aſk it me again;
I have been feaſting with mine enemy,
Where to the heart's core one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy phyſic lie.

Fri. Be plain, good ſon, and homely in thy drift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is ſet
On *Juliet*, *Capulet*'s fair daughter;
As mine on hers, ſo hers is ſet on mine:
When, and where, and how
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vows,
I'll tell thee as we paſs; but this I beg
That thou conſent to marry us to-day.

Fri. Holy ſaint *Francis*, what a change is this!
But tell me, ſon, and call thy reaſon home,
Is not this love the offſpring of thy folly,
Bred from thy wantonneſs and thoughtleſs brain?
Be heedful, youth, and ſee you ſtop betimes,
Leſt that thy raſh ungovernable paſſions,
O'er-leaping duty, and each due regard,

Hurry thee on, thro' ſhort liv'd, dear-bought pleaſures,
To cureleſs woes, and laſting penitence.

Rom. I pray thee, chide me not, ſhe whom I love,
Doth give me grace for grace, and love for love;
Do thou with heav'n ſmile upon our union;
Do not withould thy benediction from us,
But make two hearts, by holy marriage, one.

Fri. Well, come, my pupil, go along with me,
In one reſpect I'll give thee my aſſiſtance;
For this alliance may ſo happy prove,
To turn your houſhold rancour to pure love.

Rom. O let us hence, Love ſtands on ſudden haſte.

Fri. Wiſely and ſlow; they ſtumble that run faſt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The STREET.

Enter Benvolio *and* Mercutio.

Mer. WHere the devil ſhould this *Romeo* be? came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's: I ſpoke with his man.

Mer. Why that ſame pale hard-hearted wench, that *Roſaline*, torments him ſo, that he will ſure run mad.

Ben. Tibalt, the kinſman to old *Capulet* hath ſent a letter to his father's houſe.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will anſwer it.

Mer. Alas, poor *Romeo*, he is already dead! ſtabb'd with a white wench's black eye, run through the ear with a love-ſong, the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's but-ſhaft; and is he a man to encounter *Tibalt?*

Ben. Why, what is *Tibalt?*

Mer. Oh, he's the courageous captain of compliments; he fights as you ſing prick-ſong, keeps time, diſtance, and proportion; reſts his minum one, two, and the third in your

your boſom; the very butcher of a ſilk button, a duelliſt, a duelliſt; a gentleman of the very firſt houſe, of the firſt and ſecond cauſe; ah the immortal paſſado, the punto reverſo, the hay——

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of ſuch antick, liſping, affected phantaſies, theſe new tuners of accents:——— Jeſu, a very good blade —— a very tall man —— a very good whore —— Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandſire, that we ſhould be thus afflicted with theſe ſtrange flies, theſe faſhion mongers, theſe *pardonnez moy's?*

Ben. Here comes *Romeo.*

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O fleſh, fleſh, how art thou fiſhified? Now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flowed in: *Laura* to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, ſhe had a better love to be-rhyme her: *Dido* a dowdy: *Cleopatra* a gipſy, *Helen* and *Hero* hildings and harlots: *Thiſbe* a gray eye or ſo, but not to the purpoſe.

Enter Romeo.

Signior *Romeo, bonjour*, there's a *French* ſalutation for you.

Rom. Good-morrow to you both.

Mer. You gave us the counterfeit fairly laſt night.

Rom What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The ſlip, Sir, the ſlip: can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, *Mercutio*, my buſineſs was great, and in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtrain curteſy.

Enter Nurſe and her Man.

Ben. A ſail! a ſail!

Mer. Two, two, a ſhirt and a ſmock.

Nurſe. Peter.

Pet. Anon.

Nurſe. My fan, *Peter.*

Mer. Do, good *Peter*, to hide her face.

Nurſe. Good ye good-morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. Good ye good-den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurſe. Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find young *Romeo?*

Rom. I am the youngeſt of that name, for fault of a worſe.

Nurſe. You ſay well. If you be he, Sir, I deſire ſome *confidence* with you.

Ben. She will *indite* him to ſupper preſently.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd: So ho.

Rom. What haſt thou found?

Mer. No, hare, Sir, but a bawd. *Romeo*, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewel, ancient lady.

[*Exeunt* Mercutio *and* Benvolio.

Nurſe. I pray you, Sir, what ſaucy merchant was this that was ſo full of his roguery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurſe, that loves to hear himſelf talk, and will ſpeak more in a minute, than he will ſtand to in a month.

Nurſe. An' a ſpeak any thing againſt me, I'll take him down an' he were luſtier than he is, and twenty ſuch jacks: and if I cannot, I'll find thoſe that ſhall. Scurvy knave, I am none of his flirt-gills; and thou muſt ſtand by too, and ſuffer every knave to uſe me at his pleaſure.

[*To her man.*

Pet. I ſaw no man uſe you at his pleaſure: if I had, my weapon ſhould quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as ſoon as another man, if I ſee occaſion in a good quarrel, and the law on my ſide.

Nurſe. Now, afore God, I am ſo vext, that every part about me quivers —— Scurvy knave! Pray you, Sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bid me enquire you out. What ſhe bid me ſay, I will keep to myſelf: but firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould lead her into fool's paradiſe, as they ſay, it were a very groſs kind of behaviour, as they ſay; for the gentlewoman is young, and therefore if you ſhould deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady and miſtreſs, I proteſt unto thee ——

Nurſe.

Nurſe. Good heart, and i'faith, I will tell her as much; Lord, lord, ſhe will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, Nurſe? thou doſt not mark me.

Nurſe. I will tell her, Sir, that you do proteſt; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her deviſe ſome means to come to ſhrift this afternoon.
And there ſhe ſhall at friar *Lawrence*' cell
Be ſhriv'd and married; here is for thy pains.

Nurſe. No truly, Sir, not a penny.

Rom. Go to, I ſay, you ſhall.

Nurſe. This afternoon, Sir? well, ſhe ſhall be there.

Rom. And ſtay, good nurſe, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man ſhall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled ſtair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Muſt be my convoy in the ſecret night.
Farewel, be truſty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Nurſe. Well, Sir, my miſtreſs is the ſweeteſt lady; lord, lord, when 'twas a little prating thing —— Oh, there is a nobleman in town, one *Paris*, that would fain lay knife aboard; but ſhe, good ſoul, had as lieve ſee a toad, a very toad, as ſee him: I anger her ſometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man; but I'll warrant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhe looks as pale as any clout in the varſal world.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady —— [*Exit* Romeo.

Nurſe. A thouſand times. *Peter?*

Pet. Anon.

Nurſe. Take my fan, and go before. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Juliet.

Jul. THE clock ſtruck nine, when I did ſend the nurſe:
In half an hour ſhe promis'd to return.
Perchance ſhe cannot meet him —— That's not ſo—
Oh, ſhe is lame; love's heralds ſhould be thoughts,
Which ten times faſter glide than the ſun-beams,
Driving back ſhadows over lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-ſwift *Cupid* wings.
Now is the ſun upon the highmoſt hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve ——
Is three long hours — and yet ſhe is not come;
Had ſhe affections and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as ſwift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandy her to my ſweet love,
And his to me.

Enter Nurſe.

O Heav'n! ſhe comes. Oh honey nurſe, what news?
Haſt thou met with him? ſend thy man away.

Nurſe. Peter, ſtay at the gate. [*Exit* Peter.

Jul. Now, good ſweet nurſe———
Oh Lord, why look'ſt thou ſad?

Nurſe. I am a weary, let me reſt awhile:
Fy, how my bones ake, what a jaunt have I had?

Jul. Nay, come, I pray thee ſpeak——Good, good nurſe, ſpeak.
Is thy news good or bad? anſwer to that.
Say either, and I'll ſtay the circumſtance:
Let me be ſatisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurſe. Well, you have made a ſimple choice; you know not how to chooſe a man: Go thy ways, wench, ſerve God ——What, have you dined at home?

Jul.

Jul. No, no,—but all this did I know before:
What ſays he of our marriage? what of that?
Nurſe. Lord, how my head akes? what a head have I?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces;
My back o'th' other ſide—O my back, my back:
Beſhrew your heart, for ſending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down.
Jul. I'faith, I'm ſorry that thou art ſo ill;
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet nurſe, tell me what ſays my love.
Nurſe. Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handſome,
And I warrant a virtuous —— where is your mother?
Jul. Where is my mother? why, ſhe is within,
Where ſhould ſhe be? how odly thou reply'ſt?
Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman:
Where is your mother ——
Nurſe. Oh, our lady dear,
Are you ſo hot? marry, come up! I trow.
Is this the poultice for my aking bones?
Hence-forward do your meſſages yourſelf.
Jul. Here's ſuch a coil; come, what ſays *Romeo?*
Nurſe. Have you got leave to go to ſhrift to-day?
Jul. I have.
Nurſe. Then hie you hence to friar *Lawrence'* cell,
There ſtays a huſband to make you a wife.
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks —
Hie you to church, I muſt another way,
To fetch a ladder by the which your love
Muſt climb a bird's neſt ſoon, when it is dark.
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you ſhall bear the burden ſoon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner, hie you to the cell.
Jul. Hie to high fortune: Honeſt nurſe, farewel.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The MONASTERY.

Enter Friar Lawrence *and* Romeo.

Fri. SO ſmile the heav'ns upon this holy act,
That after-hours of ſorrow chide us not!
Rom. Amen, amen, but come what ſorrow can,
It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy,
That one ſhort minute gives me in her ſight.
Do thou but cloſe our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.
Fri. Theſe violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder;
Which as they meet, conſume. The ſweeteſt honey
Is loathſome in its own deliciouſneſs,
And in the taſte confounds the appetite:
Therefore love mod'rately.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the lady. Oh ſo light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlaſting flint;
A lover may beſtride the goſſamour,
That idles in the wanton ſummer air,
And yet not fall, ſo light is vanity.
Jul. Good-even to my ghoſtly confeſſor.
Fri. Romeo ſhall thank thee, daughter, for us both.
Rom. Ah *Juliet*, if the meaſure of thy joy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy ſkill be more
To blazon it; then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich muſick's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happineſs, that both
Receive in either, by this dear encounter.
Jul. Conceit more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his ſubſtance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth:

But my true love is grown to ſuch exceſs,
I cannot ſum up one half of my wealth.
Fri. Come, come with me;
For, by your leaves, you ſhall not ſtay alone,
Till holy church incorp'rate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, *and Servants.*

BENVOLIO.

I Pray thee, good *Mercutio*, let's retire;
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad;
And, if we meet, we ſhall not 'ſcape a brawl.

Mer. Thou art like one of thoſe fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his ſword upon the table, and ſays, God ſend me no need of thee; and by the operation of a ſecond cup, draws it on the drawer, when indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like ſuch a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a *Jack* in thy mood as any in *Italy*; an' there were two ſuch, we ſhould have none ſhortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair leſs in his head than thou haſt: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reaſon, but becauſe thou haſt hazel eyes; thou haſt quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the ſtreet, becauſe he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain aſleep in the ſun. Didſt thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before *Eaſter?* with another, for tying his new ſhoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling!

Ben.

Ben. If I were ſo apt to quarrel as thou art, any man ſhould buy the fee-ſimple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Enter Tibalt, Petruchio, *and others.*

Ben. By my head, here come the *Capulets.*

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tib. Be near at hand, for I will ſpeak to them; Gentlemen, good den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with ſomething, make it a word and a blow.

Tib. You ſhall find me apt enough to that, Sir, if you will give me occaſion.

Mer. Could you not take ſome occaſion without giving?

Tib. Mercutio, thou conſort'ſt with *Romeo.*

Mer. Conſort? what doſt thou make us minſtrels! if thou make minſtrels of us, look to hear nothing but diſcords: here's my fiddle-ſtick, here's that ſhall make you dance, zounds! conſort? [*Laying his hand on his ſword.*

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw into ſome private place,
Or reaſon cooly of your grievances,
Or elſe depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to look, and let them gaze,
I will not budge for no man's pleaſure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tib. Well, peace be with you, Sir, here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, Sir, if he wear your livery.

Tib. Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this; thou art a villain.

Rom Tibalt, the reaſon that I have to love thee,
Doth much excuſe the appertaining rage
To ſuch a greeting: villain I am none,
Therefore farewel, I ſee thou know'ſt me not.

Tib. Boy, this ſhall not excuſe the injuries
That thou haſt done me, therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do proteſt I never injur'd thee,
But love thee better than thou canſt deviſe;
And ſo, good *Capulet,* (whoſe name I tender

As

As dearly as my own) be ſatisfied.

Mer. O calm, diſhonourable, vile ſubmiſſion!
Ha! *la ſtoccata* carries it away—*Tibalt*—you ratcatcher.

Tib. What would'ſt thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal: Will you pluck your ſword out of his pilcher by the ears? Make haſte, leſt mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tib. I am for you, Sir. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, Sir, your paſſado. [Mer. *and* Tib. *fight.*

Rom. Draw, *Benvolio*——beat down their weapons.—
Gentlemen——for ſhame forbear this outrage——
Hold *Tibalt*, good *Mercutio*—— [*Exit* Tibalt.

Mer. I am hurt——
A plague of both your houſes! I am ſped:
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a ſcratch, a ſcratch, marry, 'tis enough:
Go, fetch a ſurgeon.

Rom. Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not ſo deep as a well, nor ſo wide as a church-door, but 'tis enough, 'twill ſerve: I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world—— a plague of both your houſes!—What? a dog, a rat, a mouſe, a cat, to ſcratch a man to death; a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick? Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the beſt.

Mer. Help me into ſome houſe *Benvolio*,
Or I ſhall faint; a plague o'both your houſes!
They have made worms meat of me,
I have it, and ſoundly too; plague o'both your houſes!
[*Exeunt* Mer. *and* Ben.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Rom. THIS gentleman, the prince's near ally
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation's ſtain'd
With *Tibalt*'s ſlander: O ſweet *Juliet*,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper ſoftened valour's ſteel.

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, brave *Mercutio*'s dead,
That gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did ſcorn the earth.

Enter Tibalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tibalt* back again.
Rom. Alive? in triumph? and *Mercutio* ſlain?
Away to heav'n reſpective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!
Now, *Tibalt* take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'ſt me: for *Mercutio*'s ſoul
Is but a little way above our heads,
And thou or I muſt keep him company.
Tib. Thou wretched boy, that didſt conſort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Rom. This ſhall determine that.
[*They fight*, Tibalt *falls.*
Ben. Romeo, away, begone:
The citizens are up, and *Tibalt* ſlain———
Stand not amaz'd; the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken: hence, begone, away.
Rom. O! I am fortune's fool. [*Exit* Romeo.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Prince, Mountague, Capulet, *Citizens*, &c.

Prince. WHere are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O noble prince, I can diſcover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal quarrel:
There lies the man ſlain by young *Romeo*,
That ſlew thy kinſman brave *Mercutio*.
Cap. Unhappy fight! alas, the blood is ſpill'd
Of my dear kinſman ——Now as thou art a Prince,
For blood of ours, ſhed blood of *Mountague*.
Prin. Benvolio, who began this fray?
Ben. Tibalt here ſlain;
Romeo beſpeak him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high diſpleaſure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm looks, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not make truce with the unruly ſpleen
Of *Tibalt*, deaf to peace; but that he tilts
With piercing ſteel at bold *Mercutio*'s breaſt;
Who all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And with a martial ſcorn with one hand beats
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends
It back to *Tibalt*, whoſe dexterity
Retorts it: *Romeo*, he cries aloud,
Hold friends, friends part! and ſwifter than his tongue,
His agil arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them ruſhes; underneath whoſe arm
An envious thruſt from *Tibalt* hit the life
Of ſtout *Mercutio*, and then *Tibalt* fled;
But by and by comes back to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning: for ere I
Could draw to part them, was ſtout *Tibalt* ſlain;
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turn to fly:
This is the truth, or let *Benvolio* ſuffer.
Cap. He is a kinſman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him falſe; he ſpeaks not true;

I beg for juſtice; juſtice, gracious Prince;
Romeo ſlew *Tibalt*, *Romeo* muſt not live.
Prin. *Romeo* ſlew him, he ſlew *Mercutio*;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?
Mount. *Romeo* but took the forfeit life of *Tibalt*.
Prin. And we for that offence do baniſh him.
I have an int'reſt in your heady brawls,
My blood doth flow from brave *Mercutio*'s wounds.
But I'll amerce you with ſo ſtrong a fine,
That you ſhall all repent my loſs in him.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuſe,
Nor tears nor prayers ſhall purchaſe our repeal:
Therefore uſe none, let *Romeo* be gone,
Elſe when he is found, that hour is his laſt.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning thoſe that kill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Juliet *alone.*

Jul. GAllop apace you fiery footed ſteeds,
To *Phœbus*' manſion; ſuch a waggoner,
As *Phaeton*, would whip you to the weſt,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy cloſe curtain, love-performing night,
That the run-away's eyes may wink; and *Romeo*
Leap to theſe arms, untalkt of and unſeen.
Come night, come *Romeo!* come thou day in night!
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
Whiter than ſnow upon the raven's back:
Give me my *Romeo*, Night, and when he dies
Take him and cut him out in little ſtars,
And he will make the face of heav'n ſo fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worſhip to the gariſh ſun:——

Oh,

Oh, I have bought the manſion of a love,
But not poſſeſs'd it; ſo tedious is this day,
As is the night before ſome feſtival,
To an impatient child that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. Oh, here comes my nurſe!

Enter Nurſe.

And ſhe brings news, and every tongue that ſpeaks
But *Romeo*'s name, ſpeaks heav'nly eloquence;
Now, nurſe, what news?
Why doſt thou wring thy hands?
Nurſe. Ah, welladay he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone ——
Jul. Can heav'n be ſo envious?
Nurſe. Romeo can.
Though heav'n cannot. Oh *Romeo! Romeo!*
Jul. What devil art thou, that does torment me thus?
This torture ſhould be roar'd in diſmal hell.
Hath *Romeo* ſlain himſelf? ſay thou but ay,
And that bare little word ſhall poiſon more
Than the earth-darting eye of cockatrice.
Nurſe. I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes,
Here on his manly breaſt.—A piteous coarſe,
A bloody piteous coarſe, pale, pale as aſhes,
I ſwooned at the ſight.
Jul. Oh break my heart! —— poor bankrupt, break
at once!
To priſon, eyes! ne'er look on liberty;
Vile earth to earth reſign, and motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* preſs one heavy bier!
Nurſe. Oh *Tibalt*, *Tibalt*, the beſt friend I had;
That ever I ſhould live to ſee thee dead?
Jul. What ſtorm is this that blows ſo contrary?
Is *Romeo* ſlaughter'd? and is *Tibalt* dead?
Nurſe. Tibalt is dead, and *Romeo* baniſhed.
Romeo that kill'd him, he is baniſhed.
Jul. Oh heaven! did *Romeo*'s hand ſhed *Tibalt*'s blood?
Nuſe. It did, it did, alas the day! it did.
Jul. Oh nature! What hadſt thou to do in hell,
When thou didſt bower the ſpirit of a fiend

In

In mortal paradiſe of ſuch ſweet fleſh? Oh that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgeous palace.
Nurſe. There is no truſt,
No faith, no honeſty in men; all perjur'd;
Shame come to *Romeo!*
Jul. Bliſter'd be thy tongue,
For ſuch a wiſh; he was not born to ſhame,
Upon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit:
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd,
Sole monarch of the univerſal earth.
Oh what a wretch was I to chide him ſo?
Nurſe. Will you ſpeak well of him, that kill'd your couſin?
Jul. Shall I ſpeak ill of him that is my huſband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue ſhall ſmooth thy name,
When I thy three hours wife have mangled it?
Back fooliſh tears, back to your native ſpring:
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, miſtaking, offer up to joy.
My huſband lives that *Tibalt* would have ſlain,
And *Tibalt*'s dead that would have kill'd my huſband;
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was worſe than *Tibalt*'s death
That murder'd me; I would forget it fain,
But oh it preſſes to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to ſinners' minds;
Tibalt *is dead, and* Romeo *baniſhed,*
That *baniſhed,* that one word *baniſhed,*
Hath ſlain ten thouſand *Tibalts:* In that word
Is father, mother, *Tibalt, Romeo, Juliet,*
All ſlain, all dead!——Romeo *is baniſhed!*
Where is my father, and my mother, nurſe!
Nurſe. Weeping and wailing over *Tibalt*'s coarſe:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Jul. Waſh they his wounds with tears! my eyes ſhall flow
When theirs are dry, for *Romeo*'s baniſhment.
Nurſe. Hie to your chamber, I'll find *Romeo*
To comfort you. I wot well where he is.

Hark

Hark ye, your *Romeo* will be here at night;
I'll to him, he is hid at *Lawrence*' cell.
Jul. Oh find him, give this ring to my true lord,
And bid him come to take his laſt farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The MONASTERY.

Enter Friar Lawrence *and* Romeo.

Fri. ROMEO, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man,
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts;
And thou art wedded to calamity.
Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What ſorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear ſon with ſuch ſour company,
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.
Rom. What leſs than death can be the prince's doom?
Fri. A gentler judgment vaniſh'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's baniſhment.
Rom. Ha! baniſhment? be merciful, ſay death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: Do not ſay baniſhment;
'Tis death miſ-term'd calling death baniſhment;
Thou cut'ſt my head off with a golden ax,
And ſmil'ſt upon the ſtroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly ſin! O rude unthankfulneſs!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath puſh'd aſide the law,
And turn'd that black word death to baniſhment,
This is dear mercy, and thou ſeeſt it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heav'n is here
Where *Juliet* lives. There's more felicity
In carrion-flies, than *Romeo:* they may ſeize
On the white wonder of dear *Juliet*'s hand,
And ſteal immortal bleſſings from her lips;

But

But *Romeo* may not, he is baniſhed!
Oh father, haſt thou no ſtrong poiſon mixt,
No ſharp ground knife, no preſent means of death,
But baniſhment to torture me withal?

Fri. Fond mad-man, hear me ſpeak,
I'll give thee armour to bear off that word,
Adverſity's ſweet milk, philoſophy,
To comfort thee tho' thou art baniſhed.

Rom. Yet baniſhed? hang up philoſophy:
Unleſs philoſophy can make a *Juliet*,
It helps not, it prevails not; talk no more———

Fri. Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.

Rom. Thou can'ſt not ſpeak of what thou doſt not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, *Juliet* thy love,
An hour but married, *Tibalt* murdered:
Doting like me, and like me baniſhed;
Then might'ſt thou ſpeak, then might'ſt thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground as I do now,
Taking the meaſure of an unmade grave.

[*Throwing himſelf on the ground.*

Fri. Ariſe, one knocks; good *Romeo*, hide thyſelf.

[*Knock within.*

Rom. Not I; unleſs the breath of heart-ſick groans,
Miſt-like infold me from the ſearch of eyes.

Fri. Hark, how they knock——*Romeo*, ariſe,
Who's there?
Thou wilt be taken—ſtay awhile.—ſtand up; [*Knocks.*
Run to my ſtudy—By and by—God's will;
What wilfulneſs is this!—I come, I come. [*Knocks.*
Who knocks ſo hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Nurſe. [*within.*] Let me come in, and you ſhall know my errand:
I come from lady *Juliet*.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. Oh holy Friar, oh tell me, holy Friar,
Where is my lady's lord? where's *Romeo?* [drunk.

Fri. There, on the ground, with his own tears made

Nurſe. O he is even in my miſtreſs's caſe,

Juſt

Juſt in her caſe: Oh *Juliet, Juliet!*
Rom. Speak'ſt thou of *Juliet!* how is it with her?
Since I have ſtain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood,
Where is ſhe? how does ſhe? what ſays ſhe?
Nurſe. Oh, ſhe ſays nothing, Sir, but weeps and weeps
And now falls on her bed, and then ſtarts up,
And *Tibalt* cries, and then on *Romeo* calls,
And then falls down again.
Rom. As if that name
Shot from the deadly level of a gun
Did murder her. Oh tell me, Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may ſack
The hateful manſion.
Fri. Hold thy deſperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art;
Thy tears are womaniſh, thy wild acts note
Th' unreaſonable fury of a beaſt.
Thou haſt amazed me. By my holy order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better-temper'd.
Haſt thou ſlain *Tibalt?* wilt thou ſlay thyſelf?
And ſlay thy lady too, that lives in thee?
What, rouze thee, man, thy *Juliet* is alive,
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed;
Aſcend her chamber; hence, and comfort her:
But look thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet,
For then thou canſt not paſs to *Mantua*,
Where thou ſhalt live, 'till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of thy prince, and call thee back,
With twenty hundred thouſand times more joy,
Than thou went'ſt forth in lamentation.
Go before, nurſe; commend me to thy lady,
And bid her haſten all the houſe to reſt,
Romeo is coming.
Nurſe. Oh lord, I could have ſtaid here all night long
To hear good counſel; oh, what learning is!
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.
Rom. Do ſo, and bid my ſweet prepare to chide.

Nurſe.

Nurſe. Here, Sir, a ring ſhe bid me give you, Sir:
Hie you, make haſte, for it grows very late.
Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!
Fri. Sojourn in *Mantua*; I'll find out your man,
And he ſhall ſignify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here:
Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewel, good night,
Rom. But that a joy, paſt joy, calls out on me,
It were a grief ſo ſoon to part with thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, *and* Paris.

Cap. THings have fall'n out, Sir, ſo unluckily
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, ſhe lov'd her kinſman *Tibalt* dearly,
And ſo did I—Well, we were born to die—
'Tis very late, ſhe'll not come down to-night.
Par. Theſe times of grief afford no time to woo:
Madam, good night, commend me to your daughter.
Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a deſperate tender
Of my child's love: I think ſhe will be rul'd
In all reſpects by me, nay more, I doubt it not.
But, ſoft; what day? Well, *Wedneſday* is too ſoon,
On *Thurſday* (let it be:) you ſhall be marry'd.
We'll keep no great ado—a friend or two—
For, hark you, *Tibalt* being ſlain ſo late,
It may be thought we held him careleſly,
Being our kinſman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have ſome half a dozen friends,
And there's an end. But what ſay you to *Thurſday*?
Par. My lord, I would that *Thurſday* were to-morrow.
Cap. Well, get you gone — on *Thurſday* be it then:
Go you to *Juliet* ere you go to bed: [*To lady* Cap.

Prepare her, wife, againſt this wedding-day.
Farewel, my lord—light to my chamber, hoa!
Good-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The GARDEN.

Enter Romeo *and* Juliet *above at a window; a ladder of Ropes ſet.*

Jul. WILT thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly ſhe ſings on yon pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious ſtreaks
Do lace the ſevering clouds in yonder eaſt:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tip-toe on the miſty mountain tops,
I muſt be gone and live, or ſtay and die.
Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it well;
It is ſome meteor that the ſun exhales,
To be this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*;
Then ſtay a while, thou ſhalt not go ſo ſoon.
Rom. Let me be ta'en; let me be put to death,
I am content, if thou wilt have it ſo.
I'll ſay yon gray is not the morning eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of *Cynthia*'s brow,
I'll ſay 'tis not the lark whoſe notes do beat,
The vaulty heav'ns ſo high above our heads:
Come death and welcome: *Juliet* wills it ſo.
What ſays my love? let's talk, it is not day.
Jul. It is, it is, hie hence away, be gone;
It is the lark that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh diſcords, and unpleaſing ſharps.

Oh

Oh now be gone, more light and light it grows.
Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark our woes.
Farewel, my love; one kiſs, and I'll be gone.

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. Madam.
Jul. Nurſe.
Nurſe. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke, be wary, look about.
Jul. Art thou gone ſo? love! lord! ah, huſband, friend!
I muſt hear from thee ev'ry day in th'hour,
For in love's hours there are many days.
O by this count I ſhall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my *Romeo*.
Rom. Farewel: I will admit no opportunity,
That may convey my greetings to thee, love.
Jul. O think'ſt thou we ſhall ever meet again?
Rom. I doubt it not, and all theſe woes ſhall ſerve
For ſweet diſcourſes, in our time to come.
Jul. O heav'n! I have an ill-divining ſoul,
Methinks I ſee thee, now thou'rt parting from me,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb!
Either my eye-ſight fails or thou look'ſt pale.
Rom. And truſt me, love, in mine eye ſo do you:
Dry ſorrow drinks our blood. Adieu!
My life, my love, my ſoul. Adieu? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Juliet's *Chamber.*

Enter Juliet.

Jul. O Fortune, fortune, all men call thee fickle.
If thou art fickle, what doſt thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle, fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
But ſend him back again.

Enter

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Ho, daughter, are you up?
Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
What unaccuſtom'd cauſe procures her hither?
La. Cap. Why how now, *Juliet?*
Jul. Madam, I'm not well.
La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your couſin's death?
What, wilt thou waſh him from his grave with tears?
Jul. Yet let me weep for ſuch a feeling loſs.
La. Cap. I come to bring thee joyful tidings, girl.
Jul. And joy comes well in ſuch a needful time.
What are they, I beſeech your ladyſhip?
La. Cap. Well, well, thou haſt a careful father, child;
One who to put thee from thy heavineſs,
Hath ſorted out a ſudden day of joy,
That thou expect'ſt not, nor I look'd not for.
Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is this?
La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next *Thurſday* morn,
The gallant, young and noble gentleman,
The County *Paris*, at St. *Peter*'s church,
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.
Jul. I wonder at this haſte, that I muſt wed
Ere he that muſt be huſband comes to woo.
I pray you tell my lord and father, madam,
I cannot marry yet.
La. Cap. Here comes your father, tell him ſo yourſelf,
And ſee how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet *and Nurſe.*

Cap. How now? a conduit, girl? what, ſtill in tears;
Evermore ſhowering? Why how now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?
La. Cap. Ay, Sir; but ſhe will none, ſhe gives you thanks:
I would the fool were married to her grave.
Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife,
How, will ſhe none? doth ſhe not give us thanks?
Is ſhe not proud; doth ſhe not count her bleſt,
(Unworthy as ſhe is,) that we have wrought
So worthy gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.
Cap. Thank me no thankings,
But ſettle your fine joints 'gainſt *Thurſday* next,
To go with *Paris* to St *Peter*'s church:
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
La. Cap. Fy, fy, what are you mad?
Jul. Good father, I beſeech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience, but to ſpeak a word?
Cap. Hang thee, young baggage, diſobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to church o' *Thurſday*,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not anſwer me,
Wife, we ſcarce thought us bleſt,
That God had ſent us but this only child,
But now I ſee this one is one too much,
And that we have a curſe in having her:
Out on her, hilding.
Nurſe. Heaven bleſs her:
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her ſo.
Cap. And why, my lady wiſdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence, ſmatter with your goſſips, go.
Nurſe. I ſpeak no treaſon.
Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool;
Utter your gravity o'er a goſſip's bowl,
For here we need it not.
La. Cap. You are too hot.
Cap. Good wife, it makes me mad; day, night, late, early,
At home, abroad; alone, in company,
Waking or ſleeping; ſtill my care hath been
To have her match'd; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demeans; youthful and nobly allied,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wiſh a man:
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender
To anſwer, I'll not wed, I cannot love,
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.——
But if you will not wed, look to't, think on't,
I do not uſe to jeſt——*Thurſday* is near.

If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend:
If you be not, hang, beg, ſtarve, die i'th' ſtreets;
For, by my ſoul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee. [*Exit.*
Jul. Is there no pity ſitting in the clouds,
That ſees into the bottom of my grief?
O ſweet, my mother, caſt me not away,
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where *Tibalt* lies.
La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not ſpeak a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*
Jul. O heav'n! O nurſe, how ſhall this be prevented?
Alack, alack, that heav'n ſhould practiſe ſtratagems
Upon ſo ſoft a ſubject as myſelf.
Nurſe. Riſe, faith here it is:
Romeo is baniſh'd; all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or if he do, it needs muſt be by ſtealth:
Then ſince the caſe ſo ſtands, I think it beſt
You married with the count.
Jul. Speakeſt thou from thy heart?
Nurſe. And from my ſoul too,
Or elſe beſhrew them both.
Jul. Amen, amen.
Nurſe. What?
Jul. Well, thou haſt comforted me marvellous much;
Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,
Having diſpleas'd my father, to *Lawrence*' cell,
To make confeſſion, and to be abſolv'd.
Nurſe. Marry, I will, and this is wiſely done. [*Exit.*
Jul. Ancient damnation! Oh moſt wicked fiend!
Is it more ſin to wiſh me thus forſworn,
Or to diſpraiſe my lord with that ſame tongue
Which ſhe hath prais'd him with above compare,
So many thouſand times? go, counſellor,
Thou and my boſom henceforth ſhall be twain;
I'll to the friar to know his remedy;
If all elſe fail, myſelf have power to die. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The MONASTERY.

Enter Friar Lawrence *and* Paris.

FRIAR.

ON *Thurſday*, Sir! the time is very ſhort.
Par. My father *Capulet* will have it ſo,
And I am nothing ſlow to ſlack his haſte.
Fri. You ſay, you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is this courſe, I like it not.
Par. Immoderately ſhe weeps for *Tibalt*'s death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love,
For *Venus* ſmiles not in a houſe of tears.
Now, Sir, her father counts it dangerous
That ſhe ſhould give her ſorrow ſo much ſway;
And in his wiſdom haſtes our marriage,
To ſtop the inundation of her tears;
Now do you know the reaſon of this haſte?
Fri. I would I knew not why it ſhould be ſlow'd.
Look, Sir, here comes the lady tow'rds my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Welcome my love, my lady, and my wife.
Jul. That may be, Sir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be, muſt be, love, on *Thurſday* next.
Jul. What muſt be, ſhall be.
Par. Come you to make confeſſion to this father?
Jul. To anſwer that were to confeſs to you:
Are you at leiſure, holy father, now,
Or ſhall I come to you at evening maſs?
Fri. My leiſure ſerves me, penſive daughter, now.
My lord, I muſt intreat the time alone.
Par. Heav'n ſhield, I ſhould diſturb devotion:

Juliet,

Juliet, on *Thurſday* early will I rouze you:
Till then adieu! and keep this holy kiſs. [*Exit* Paris.
Jul. Go, ſhut the door; and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weep with me, paſt hope, paſt cure, paſt help.
Fri. O *Juliet*, I already know thy grief.
Jul. Tell me not, Friar, that thou know'ſt my grief,
Unleſs thou tell me how I may prevent it,
If in thy wiſdom thou canſt give no help,
Do thou but call my reſolution wiſe,
And with this ſteel I'll help it preſently.
Heav'n join'd my heart and *Romeo*'s; thou our hands,
And ere this hand, by thee to *Romeo* ſeal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Give to another, this ſhall ſlay them both:
Therefore out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me ſome preſent counſel, or behold
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody dagger
Shall play the umpire;——
Speak now, be brief; for I deſire to die,
If what thou ſpeak'ſt ſpeak not of remedy.
Fri. Hold, daughter; I do eſpy a kind of hope,
Which craves as deſperate an execution,
As that is deſperate which we would prevent.
If rather than to marry County *Paris*
Thou haſt the ſtrength or will to ſlay thyſelf,
Then it is likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to free thee from this marriage,
And if thou dar'ſt, I'll give thee remedy.
Jul. O bid me leap, rather than marry *Paris*,
From off the battlements of yonder tower:
Or chain me to ſome ſteepy mountain's top,
Where roaring bears and ſavage lions roam!
Or ſhut me nightly in a charnel-houſe,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead-mens rattling bones,
With reeky ſhanks, and yellow chapleſs ſculls,
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his ſhroud,
Things that to hear them nam'd, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,

To live an unſtain'd wife to my ſweet love.

Fri. Hold then, go home, be merry, give conſent
To marry *Paris*; look thou lye alone.
(Let not thy nurſe lye with thee in thy chamber.)
And when thou art alone, take thou this phial,
And this diſtilled liquor drink thou off;
When preſently through all thy veins ſhall run
A cold and drowſy humour, which ſhall ſeize
Each vital ſpirit; for no pulſe ſhall keep
His nat'ural progreſs, but ſurceaſe to beat.
No warmth, no breath ſhall teſtify thou liv'ſt;
The roſes in thy lips and cheeks ſhall fade
To paly aſhes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he ſhuts up the day of life;
And in this borrow'd likeneſs of ſhrunk death
Thou ſhalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake, as from a pleaſant ſleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouze thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy beſt robes uncover'd on the bier,
Thou ſhalt be borne to that ſame ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie.
In the mean time, againſt thou ſhalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my letters know our drift,
And hither ſhall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* bear thee hence to *Mantua*;
And this ſhall free thee from this preſent ſhame,
If no unconſtant toy nor womaniſh fear
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, O give me, tell me not of fear.
[*Taking the phial.*

Fri. Hold, get you gone, be ſtrong and proſperous
In this reſolve; I'll ſend a Friar with ſpeed
To *Mantua*, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me ſtrength, and ſtrength ſhall help afford.
Farewel, dear father——— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, *and Nurſe.*

Cap. WHat, is my daughter gone to Friar *Lawrence?*

Nurſe. Ay, forſooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do ſome good on her;
A peeviſh ſelf-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurſe. See, where ſhe comes from ſhrift with merry look!

Cap. How now, my head-ſtrong? where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the ſin
Of diſobedient oppoſition
To you and your beheſts; and am enjoin'd
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall proſtrate here,
And beg your pardon; pardon, I beſeech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the County, go tell him of this,
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at *Lawrence'* cell,
And gave him what becoming love I might,
Not ſtepping o'er the bounds of modeſty.

Cap. Why I am glad on't, this is well; ſtand up;
Now afore heav'n this reverend holy Friar,——
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurſe, will you go with me into my cloſet,
To help me ſort ſuch needful ornaments
As you think fit to furniſh me to-morrow.

La. Cap. No, not 'till *Thurſday*, there is time enough.

Cap. Go, Nurſe, go with her; we'll to church to-morrow. [*Exeunt* Juliet *and Nurſe.*

La. Cap. We ſhall be ſhort in our proviſion;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tuſh, all things ſhall be well,
Go thou to *Juliet*, help to deck up her;

I'll not to bed, but walk myſelf to *Paris*,
T' appoint him 'gainſt to-morrow. My heart's light,
Since this ſame wayward girl is ſo reclaim'd.
[*Exeunt* Capulet *and Lady* Capulet.

SCENE III.

Juliet's *Chamber*.

Enter Juliet *and Nurſe*.

Jul. AY, thoſe attires are beſt; but, gentle Nurſe,
I pray thee leave me to myſelf to-night;
For I have need of many oriſons
To move the heav'ns to ſmile upon my ſtate,
Which well thou know'ſt is croſs and full of ſin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What, are you buſy? do you need my help?
Jul. No, madam, we have cull'd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoveful for our ſtate to-morrow;
So pleaſe you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurſe this night ſet up with you;
For I am ſure you have your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſs.
La. Cap. Then good night:
Get thee to bed and reſt, for thou haſt need. [*Exeunt.*
Jul. Farewel — heav'n knows, when we ſhall meet again!
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almoſt freezes up the heat of life.
I'll call them back again to comfort me.
Nurſe—yet what ſhould they do here?
My diſmal ſcene I needs muſt act alone:
[*Takes out the phial.*
Come, phial—What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I of force be married to the Count?
No, no, this ſhall forbid it; lie thou there—
[*Pointing to a dagger.*
What

What if it be a poiſon, which the Friar
Subtly hath miniſtred, to have me dead,
Leſt in this marriage he ſhould be diſhonour'd,
Becauſe he married me before to *Romeo?*
I fear it is; and yet methinks it ſhould not,
For he hath ſtill been tried a holy man——
How, if when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Comes to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be ſtifled in the vault,
To whoſe foul mouth no healthſom air breathes in?
And there be ſtrangled ere my *Romeo* comes?
Or if I live, is it not very like
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
(As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where for theſe many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried anceſtors are pack'd;
Where bloody *Tibalt*, yet but green in earth,
Lies feſtring in his ſhroud; where, as they ſay,
At ſome hours in the night ſpirits reſort——)
Alas, alas! is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathſome ſmells,
And ſhrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad.——
Or if I wake, ſhall I not be diſtraught,
(Invironed with all theſe hideous fears,)
And madly play with my forefathers joints,
And pluck the mangled *Tibalt* from his ſhroud?
And in this rage, with ſome great kinſman's bone
As with a club, daſh out my deſp'rate brains?
O look! methinks I ſee my couſin's ghoſt
Seeking out *Romeo*——Stay, *Tibalt*, ſtay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee. [*Drinks.*

[*She throws herſelf on the bed.*

SCENE IV.

A HALL.

Enter Lady Capulet *and Nurſe.*

La. Cap. HOld, take theſe keys, and fetch more ſpices, Nurſe.

Nurſe. They call for dates and quinces in the paſtry.

Enter Capulet *and Lady, meeting.*

Cap. Come, ſtir, ſtir, ſtir, the ſecond cock hath crow'd,
The curphew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:
Look to the bak'd meats, good *Angelica*,
Spare not for coſt.

Nurſe. Go, go, you cot-quean, go;
Get you to bed; faith you'll be ſick to-morrow,
For this night's watching. [*Exit.*

Cap. No not a whit; what, I have watch'd ere now
All night for a leſs cauſe, and ne'er been ſick.
[*Play Muſick.*
The County will be here with muſick ſtraight,
For ſo he ſaid he would,——I hear him near,
Nurſe,——wife,——what ho? what, Nurſe, I ſay?

Enter Nurſe.

Go waken *Juliet*, go, and trim her up.
I'll go and chat with *Paris:* hie, make haſte:
Make haſte, I ſay. [*Exit* Capulet.

SCENE V.

SCENE *draws and diſcovers* Juliet *on a bed.*

Nurſe. MIſtreſs, what miſtreſs! *Juliet*—— Faſt, I warrant her,
Why, lamb—why, lady—Fy, you ſlug-a-bed——
Why, love, I ſay—Madam, ſweet-heart—why, bride—
What,

What, not a word! you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
That you ſhall reſt but little—God forgive me—
Marry and amen——How ſound is ſhe aſleep?
I muſt needs wake her: Madam, madam, madam,
Ay, let the County take you in your bed——
He'll fright you up, i'faith. Will it not be?
What dreſt, and in your clothes—and down again!
I muſt needs wake you: Lady, lady, lady,—
Alas, alas! help! help! my lady's dead,
O well a-day, that ever I was born?
Ho! my lord, my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noiſe is here?
Nurſe. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. What is the matter?
Nurſe. Look,——oh, heavy day!
La. Cap. Oh me, my child, my only life!
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!
Help, help! call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For ſhame bring *Juliet* forth, her lord is come.
Nurſe. She's dead; ſhe's dead: alack the day!
Cap. Ha! let me ſee her——Out alas, ſhe's cold,
Her blood is ſettled, and her joints are ſtiff,
Life and theſe lips have long been ſeparated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely froſt
Upon the ſweeteſt flower of the field.
Accurſed time! unfortunate old-man!

Enter Friar Lawrence, *and* Paris *with Muſicians.*

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.
O ſon, the night before the wedding day
Death has embrac'd thy wife: ſee, there ſhe lies,
Flower as ſhe was, nipp'd in the bud by him!
Oh *Juliet*, oh my child, my child!

Par.

Par. Have I thought long to ſee this morning's face,
And doth it give me ſuch a ſight as this;
La. Cap. Accurſt, unhappy, wretched, hateful day.
Cap. Moſt miſerable hour, that Time ere ſaw
In laſting labour of his pilgrimage.
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to enjoy and ſolace in,
And cruel death hath catcht it from my ſight.
Fri. Your daugher lives in peace and happineſs;
Heav'n and yourſelf had part in this fair maid,
Now, heav'n hath all—dry up your fruitleſs tears:
Come, ſtick your roſemary on this fair corps;
And, as the cuſtom of our country is,
Convey her where her anceſtors lie tomb'd.
Cap. All things that we ordain'd to feſtival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our inſtruments to melancholy bells;
Our wedding chear, to a ſad burial feaſt:
Our ſolemn hymns to ſullen durges change;
And bridal flowers ſerve for a burial coarſe,
And all things change them to the contrary.
Fri. Sir, go you in, and, Madam, go with him;
And go, Sir *Paris*, every one prepare
To follow this fair courſe unto her grave.
The heav'ns do low'r upon you, for ſome ill;
Move them no more by croſſing their high will.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The inſide of a Church.

Enter the funeral proceſſion of *Juliet*, in which the following Dirge is ſung.

CHORUS.

RISE, riſe!
Heart-breaking ſighs,
The woe-fraught boſom ſwell;
For ſighs alone,
And diſmal moan,
Should echo Juliet's *knell.*

AIR.

She's gone——the ſweeteſt flow'r of May,
That blooming bleſt our ſight;
Thoſe eyes which ſhone like breaking day,
Are ſet in endleſs night!

CHORUS.

Riſe, riſe! &c.

AIR.

She's gone, ſhe's gone, nor leaves behind
So fair a form, ſo pure a mind;
How could'ſt thou, Death, at once deſtroy,
The Lover's *hope, the* Parent's *joy?*

CHORUS.

Riſe, riſe! &c.

AIR.

AIR.

Thou ſpotleſs ſoul, look down below,
Our unfeign'd ſorrow ſee;
Oh give us ſtrength to bear our woe,
To bear the loſs of thee!

CHORUS.

Riſe, riſe! &c.

SCENE II.

MANTUA.

Enter Romeo.

IF I may truſt the flattery of ſleep,
My dreams preſage ſome joyful news at hand:
My boſom's lord ſits lightly on his throne,
And all this day, an unaccuſtom'd ſpirit
Lifts me above the ground with chearful thoughts,
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead,
And breath'd ſuch life with kiſſes on my lips,
That I reviv'd and was an Emperor.
Ah me! how ſweet is love itſelf poſſeſt,
When but love's ſhadows are ſo rich in joy?

Enter Balthaſar.

News from *Verona*——How now, *Balthaſar?*
Doſt thou not bring me letters from the Friar?
How doth my lady? is my father well?
How doth my *Juliet?* That I aſk again,
For nothing can be ill if ſhe be well?

Bal. Then ſhe is well, and nothing can be ill,
Her body ſleeps in *Capulet*'s monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives:
I ſaw her carried to her kindred's vault,
And preſently took poſt to tell it you;
O, pardon me for bringing theſe ill news.

Rom.

Rom. Is it even ſo? then I defy you, ſtars——
Bal. My lord!
Rom. Thou know'ſt my lodging, get me ink and paper,
And hire poſt-horſes. I will hence to-night.
Bal. Pardon me, Sir, I dare not leave you thus.
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some miſadventure.
Rom. Go, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Haſt thou no letters to me from the Friar?
Bal. No, good my lord.
Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
And hire thoſe horſes, I'll be with thee ſtraight.
[*Exit* Balthaſar.
Well, *Juliet*, I will lie with thee to-night;———
Let's ſee for means——O miſchief! thou art ſwift
To enter in the thought of deſperate men!
I do remember an Apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, who late I noted
In tatter'd weeds with overwhelming brows,
Culling of ſimples, meagre were his looks,
Sharp miſery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy ſhop a tortoiſe hung,
An alligator ſtuft, and other ſkins
Of ill-ſhap'd fiſhes; and about his ſhelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes;
Green earthen pots, bladders, and muſty ſeeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roſes
Were thinly ſcatter'd, to make up a ſhew.
Noting his penury, to myſelf I ſaid,
An' if a man did need a poiſon now,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would ſell it him.
Oh this ſame thought did but forerun my need;
As I remember this ſhould be the houſe.
Being holy-day the beggar's ſhop is ſhut.
What, ho! Apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls ſo loud?
Rom. Come hither, man; I ſee that thou art poor;
Hold,

Hold, there are forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poiſon, ſuch ſoon-ſpeeding geer,
As will diſperſe itſelf thro' all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may ſoon die.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have, but *Mantua*'s law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou ſo bare and full of wretchedneſs,
And fear'ſt to die? famine is in thy cheeks;
Need and oppreſſion ſtare within thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang on thy back:
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich:
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will conſents. [*Exit.*

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

[*Apothecary returns.*

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off, and if you had the ſtrength
Of twenty men it would diſpatch you ſtraight.

Rom. There is thy gold, worſe poiſon to mens ſouls,
Doing more murder in this loathſom world,
Than theſe poor compounds that thou may'ſt not ſell:
I ſell thee poiſon, thou haſt ſold me none.
Farewel, buy food, and get thee into fleſh.
Come cordial, and not poiſon, go with me
To *Juliet*'s grave, for there muſt I uſe thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Monaſtery at Verona.

Enter Friar John *to Friar* Lawrence.

John. HOly *Franciſcan* Friar! brother! ho!
Law. This ſame ſhould be the voice of Friar *John.*
Welcome from *Mantua*; what ſays *Romeo?*
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John.

John. Going to find a barefoot brother out,
One of our order, to aſſociate me,
Here in this city viſiting the ſick;
And finding him, the ſearchers of the town,
(Suſpecting that we both were in a houſe
Where the infectious peſtilence did reign)
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth,
So that my ſpeed to *Mantua* there was ſtaid.

Law. Who bore my letter then to *Romeo?*

John. I could not ſend it; here it is again,
Nor get a meſſenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Law. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar *John*, go hence,
Get me an iron crow, and bring it ſtraight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*

Law. Now muſt I to the monument alone:
Within theſe three hours will fair *Juliet* wake;
She will beſhrew me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of theſe accidents:
But I will write again to *Mantua*,
And keep her at my cell 'till *Romeo* come.
Poor living coarſe, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Church-yard: In it, a Monument belonging to the Capulet's.

Enter Paris, *and his Page with a light.*

Par. GIve me thy torch, boy: hence, and ſtand aloof.
Yet put it out, for I would not be ſeen;
Under yon' yew-tree lay thee all along,
Placing thy ear cloſe to the hollow ground,

So

So ſhall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being looſe, unfirm, with digging up of graves)
But thou ſhalt hear it: whiſtle then to me,
As ſignal that thou hear'ſt ſomething approach.
Give me thoſe flow'rs. Do as I bid thee; go.
Page. I am almoſt afraid to ſtand alone
Here in the church-yard, yet I will adventure. [*Exit.*
Par. Sweet flow'r! with flow'rs thy bridal bed I ſtrow; [*Strewing flowers.*
Fair *Juliet*, that with angels doſt remain,
Accept this lateſt favour at my hand,
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With fun'ral obſequies adorn thy tomb. [*The boy whiſtles.*
— The boy gives warning, ſomething doth approach —
What curſed foot wanders this way to-night,
To croſs my obſequies? and true loves rite?
What, with a torch? muffle me, night, a while.
[Paris *retires.*

SCENE V.

Enter Romeo *and* Balthaſar *with a light.*

Rom. GIve me the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter, early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father,
Put out the torch, and, on thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'ſt or ſeeſt, ſtand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my courſe.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious ring, a ring that I muſt uſe
In dear employment; therefore hence, be gone;
But if thou, jealous, doſt return to pry
In what I further ſhall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And ſtrew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs;

The

The time and my intents are ſavage, wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers, or the roaring ſea.
Bal. I will be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.
Rom. So ſhalt thou win my favour. Take thou that,
Live and be proſp'rous, and farewel, good fellow.
Bal. For all this ſame I'll hide me near this place;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Exit.*
Rom. Thou deteſtable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the deareſt morſel of the earth;
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open.
[*Breaking open the monument.*
And in deſpight I'll cram thee with more food.
Par. [*Shewing himſelf.*] Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile *Mountague*;
Can vengeance be purſu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee;
Obey, and go with me, for thou muſt die,
Rom. I muſt indeed, and therefore came I hither—
Good, gentle youth, tempt not a deſp'rate man;
Fly hence and leave me:
By heav'n, I love thee better than myſelf;
For I come hither arm'd againſt myſelf.
Par. I do defy thy pity and thy counſel,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.
Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy.
[*They fight*, Paris *falls.*
Page. Oh lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.
Par. Oh, I am ſlain; if thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with *Juliet.* [*Dies.*
Rom. In faith, I will: let me peruſe this face——
Mercutio's kinſman! Noble County *Paris!*
Give me thy hand,——
One writ with me in ſour misfortune's book,
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,
For here lies *Juliet*——Oh my love, my wife,
Death that hath ſuckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd, beauty's enſign yet
Is crimſon in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,

And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Oh *Juliet*, why art thou yet ſo fair——here, here
Will I ſet up my everlaſting reſt;
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtars
From this world-weary fleſh:
Come bitter conduct, come unſav'ry guide,
Thou deſp'rate pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing rocks my ſea-ſick weary bark:
No more—here's to my love!—eyes, look your laſt;
[*Drinking the Poiſon.*
Arms, take your laſt embrace: and lips, do you
The doors of breath ſeal with a righteous kiſs,——
Soft——ſhe breathes, and ſtirs! [Juliet *wakes.*
Jul. Where am I? defend me!
Rom. She ſpeaks, ſhe lives: and we ſhall ſtill be bleſs'd!
My kind propitious ſtars o'erpay me now
For all my ſorrows paſt——riſe, riſe, my *Juliet*,
And from this cave of death, this houſe of horror,
Quick let me ſnatch thee to thy *Romeo*'s arms,
There breathe a vital ſpirit in thy lips,
And call thee back to life and love. [*Takes her hand.*
Jul. Bleſs me! how cold it is! who's there!
Rom. Thy huſband,
'Tis thy *Romeo*, *Juliet*; rais'd from deſpair
To joys unutt'rable! quit, quit this place,
And let us fly together—— [*Brings her from the tomb.*
Jul. Why do you force me ſo—I'll ne'er conſent——
My ſtrength may fail me, but my will's unmov'd,——
I'll not wed *Paris*,—*Romeo* is my huſband———
Rom. Her ſenſes are unſettl'd—Heav'n reſtore 'em!
Romeo is thy huſband; I am that *Romeo*,
Nor all the oppoſing pow'rs of earth or man,
Shall break our bonds, or tear thee from my heart.
Jul. I know that voice—Its magic ſweetneſs wakes
My tranced ſoul——I now remember well
Each circumſtance—Oh my lord, my huſband—
[*Going to embrace him.*
Doſt thou avoid me, *Romeo?* let me touch
Thy hand, and taſte the cordial of thy lips—
You fright me——ſpeak—Oh let me hear ſome voice

Beſides

Beſides my own in this drear vault of death,
Or I ſhall faint———ſupport me——
Rom. Oh I cannot,
I have no ſtrength, but want thy feeble aid,
Cruel poiſon!
Jul. Poiſon! what means my lord; thy trembling voice!
Pale lips! and ſwimming eyes! death's in thy face!
Rom. It is indeed——I ſtruggle with him now——
The tranſports that I felt to hear thee ſpeak,
And ſee thy op'ning eyes, ſtopt for a moment
His impetuous courſe, and all my mind
Was happineſs and thee; but now the poiſon
Ruſhes thro' my veins——I've not time to tell——
Fate brought me to this place——to take a laſt,
Laſt farewel of my love, and with thee die.
Jul. Die? was the *Friar* falſe!
Rom. I know not that——
I thought thee dead: diſtracted at the ſight,
(Fatal ſpeed) drank poiſon, kiſs'd thy cold lips,
And found within thy arms a precious grave——
But in that moment——Oh———
Jul. And did I wake for this!
Rom. My powers are blaſted,
'Twixt death and love I'm torn——I am diſtracted!
But death's ſtrongeſt—and muſt I leave thee, *Juliet!*
Oh cruel curſed fate! in ſight of heav'n——
Jul. Thou rav'ſt——lean on my breaſt——
Rom. Fathers have flinty hearts, no tears can melt 'em.
Nature pleads in vain—Children muſt be wretched—
Jul. Oh my breaking heart—
Rom. She is my wife—our hearts are twin'd together—
Capulet forbear——*Paris*, looſe your hold—
Pull not our heart-ſtrings thus—they crack—they break—
Oh *Juliet! Juliet!* [*Dies.*
Jul. Stay, ſtay, for me, *Romeo*——
A moment ſtay; fate marries us in death,
And we are *one*——no pow'r ſhall part us.
[*Faints on* Romeo's *body.*

Enter

Enter Friar Lawrence *with lanthorn, crow, and ſpade.*

Fri. St. *Francis* be my ſpeed! how oft to-night,
Have my old feet ſtumbled at graves? who's there,
Alack, alack! what blood is this which ſtains
The ſtony entrance of this ſepulchre!
Jul. Who's there?
Fri. Ah, *Juliet* awake, and *Romeo* dead!
And *Paris* too——Oh what unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!
Jul. Here he is ſtill, and I will hold him faſt,
They ſhall not tear him from me—
Fri. Patience, Lady——
Jul. Who is that? O thou curſed *Friar!* patience!
Talk'ſt thou of patience to a wretch like me!
Fri. O fatal error! riſe, thou fair diſtreſt,
And fly this ſcene of death!
Jul. Come thou not near me,
Or this dagger ſhall quit my *Romeo*'s death!
[*Draws a Dagger.*
Fri. I wonder not thy griefs have made thee deſp'rate.
What noiſe without? ſweet *Juliet*, let us fly——
A greater power than we can contradict,
Hath thwarted our intents—come, haſte away,
I will diſpoſe thee, moſt unhappy lady,
Amongſt a ſiſterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to queſtion——for the watch is coming,
Come, go, good *Juliet*—I dare not longer ſtay. [*Exit.*
Jul. Go, get thee hence, I will not away——
What's here! a phial——*Romeo*'s timeleſs end.
O churl drink all, and leave no friendly drop
To help me after——I will kiſs thy lips,
Haply ſome poiſon yet doth hang on them— [*Kiſſes him.*

[Watch *and* Page *within.*]

Watch. Lead, boy, which way——
Jul. Noiſe again!
Then I'll be brief——O happy dagger!
This is thy ſheath, there reſt and let me die. [*Kills herſelf.*
Boy. This is the place——my liege.

Enter

Enter Prince, *&c.*

Prin. What miſadventure is ſo early up,
That calls our perſon from its morning's reſt;

Enter Capulet.

Cap. What ſhould it be, that they ſo ſhriek abroad!
The people in the ſtreet cry *Romeo*;
Some, *Juliet*; and ſome, *Paris*; and all run
With open outcry tow'rds our monument.

Prin. What fear is this, which ſtartles in your ears?

Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County *Paris* ſlain,
And *Romeo* dead——*Juliet* thought dead before
Is warm and newly killed——

Cap. Oh me, this ſight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a ſepulchre.

Enter Mountague.

Prin. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early up,
To ſee thy ſon and heir now early fall'n——

Mount. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night,
Grief of my ſon's exile hath ſtopp'd her breath.
What farther woe conſpires againſt my age!

Prin. Look there——and ſee——

Mount. Oh thou untaught, what manners is in this,
To preſs before thy father to a grave!

Prin. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while
Till we can clear theſe ambiguities,
And know their ſpring and head—mean time forbear,
And let miſchance be ſlave to patience:
Bring forth the parties of ſuſpicion.

Fri. I am the greateſt.

Prin. Then ſay at once what thou doſt know of this.

Fri. Let us retire from this dread ſcene of death
And I'll unfold the whole; if ought in this
Miſcarried by my fault, let my old life
Be ſacrific'd ſome hour before its time
Unto the rigour of ſevereſt law.

Prin. We ſtill have known thee for a holy man:
Where be theſe enemies, *Capulet! Mountague!*
See what a ſcourge is laid upon your hate.

Cap.

Cap. Oh brother *Mountague*, give me thy hand,
This is my daughter's jointure: for no more,
Can I demand.

Mount. But I can give thee more,
For I will raiſe her ſtatue in pure gold,
That while *Verona* by that name is known,
There ſhall no figure at that rate be priz'd,
As that of true and faithful *Juliet*.

Cap. As rich ſhall *Romeo* by his lady lie.
Poor ſacrifices of our enmity!

Prin. A gloomy peace this morning with it brings,
Let *Romeo*'s man and let the boy attend us:
We'll hence and farther ſcan theſe ſad diſaſters:
Well may you mourn, my Lords, (now wiſe too late)
Theſe tragic iſſues of your mutual hate:
From private feuds, what dire misfortunes flow;
Whate'er the cauſe, the ſure effect is WOE.

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